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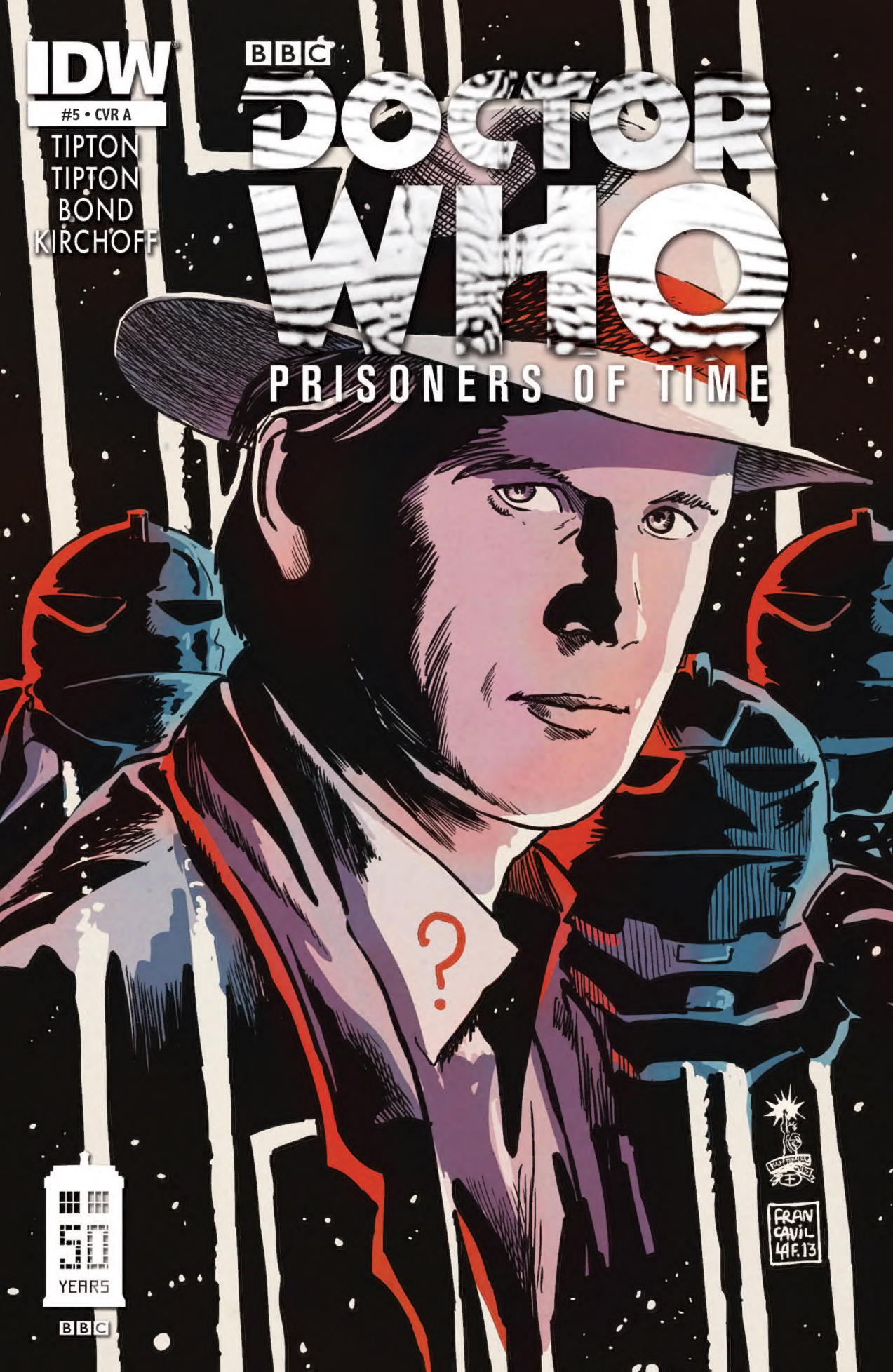
# DOCTOR WHO

## PRISONERS OF TIME




50 YEARS

BBC

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# DOCTOR WHO

## PRISONERS OF TIME

50 YEARS

BBC

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# DOCTOR WHO

## PRISONERS OF TIME

5TH DOCTOR
1981 - 1984

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords of the planet Gallifrey. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed with an incredible intelligence. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.


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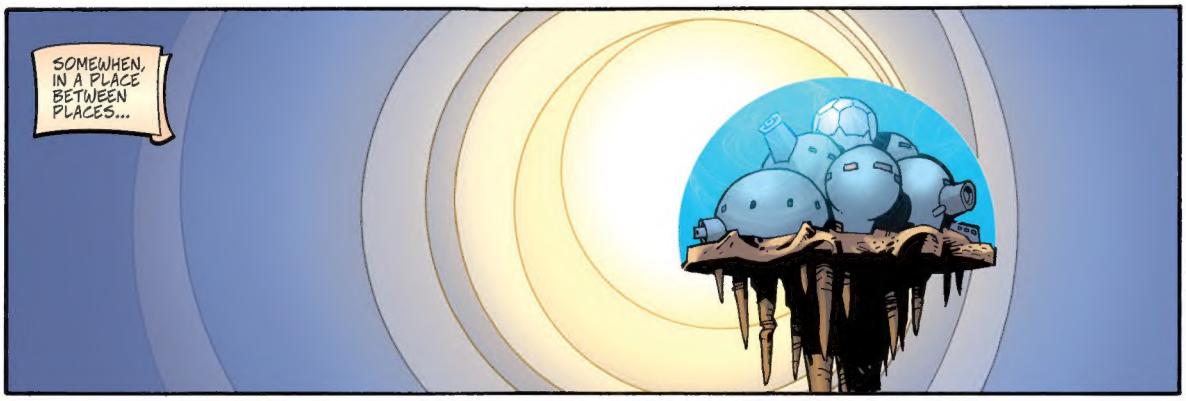
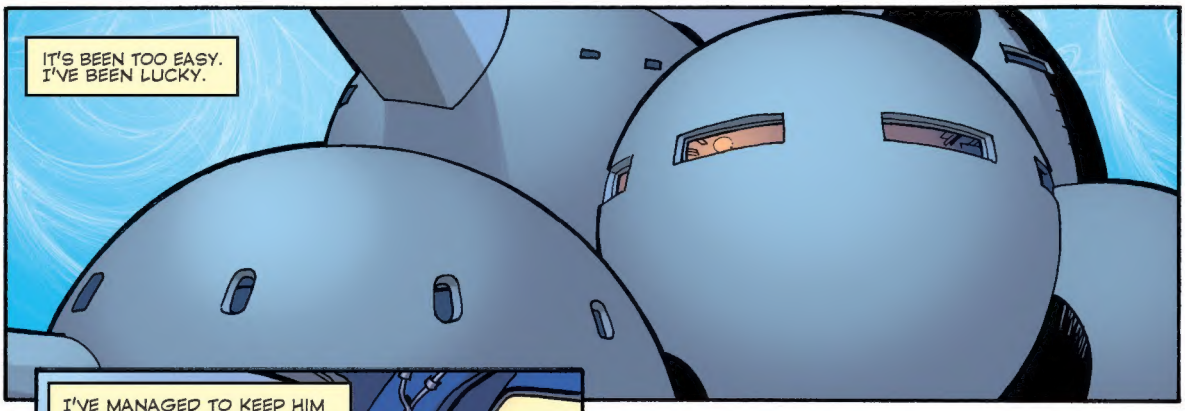
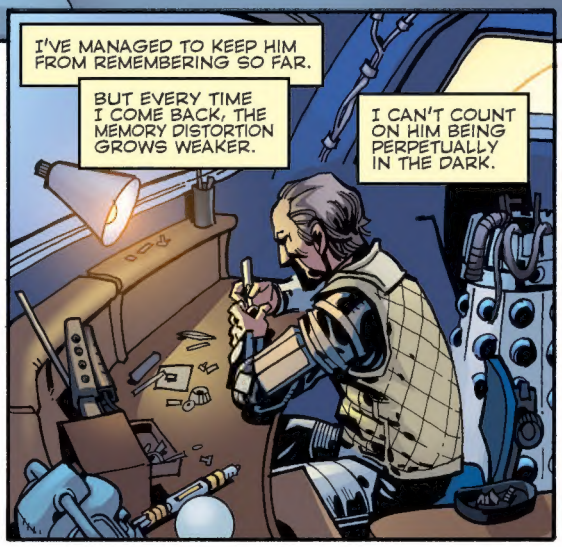
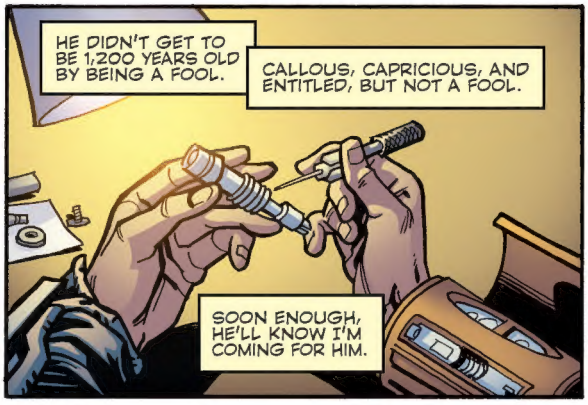

SOMEWHEN, IN A PLACE BETWEEN PLACES...

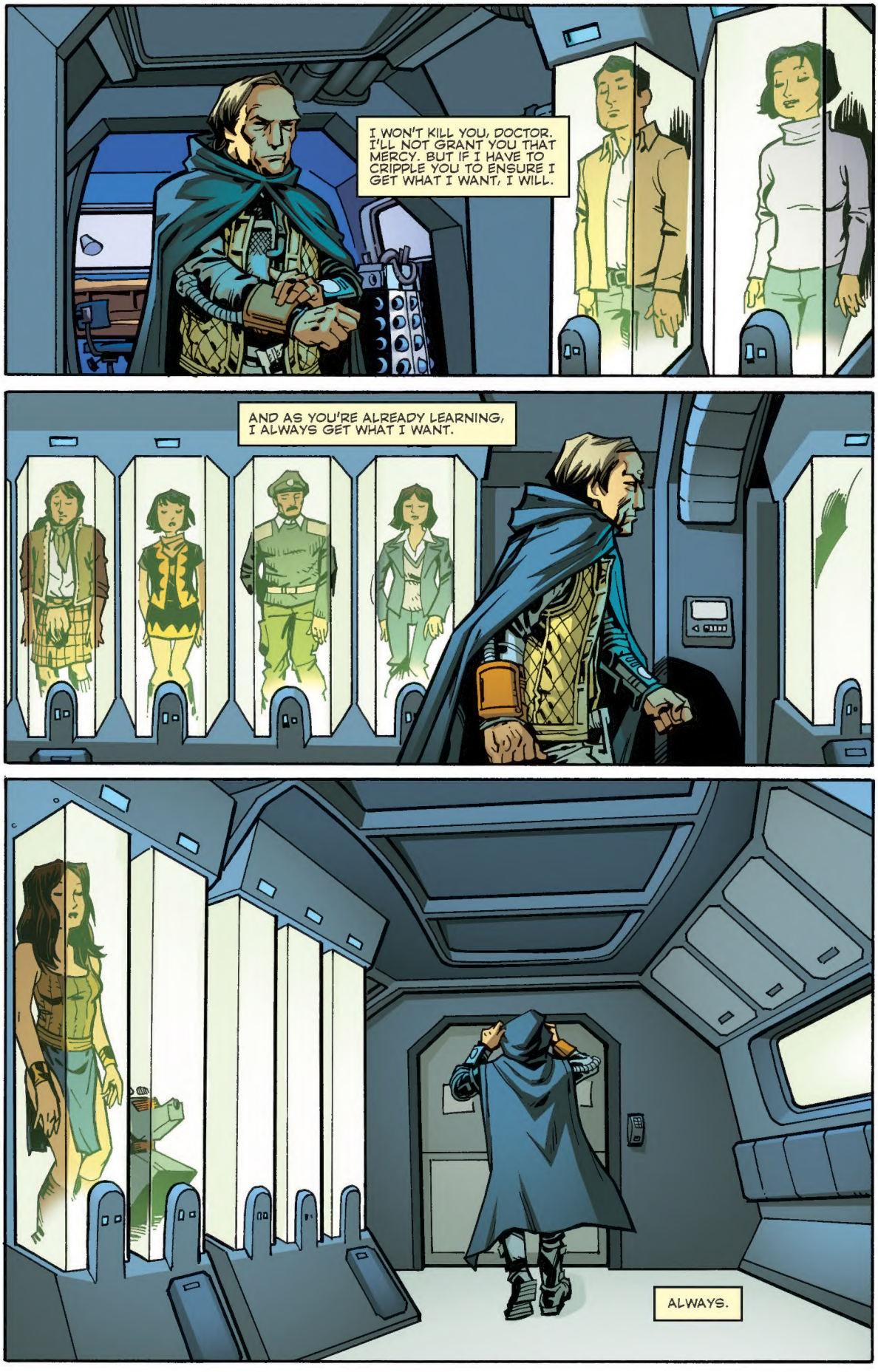

IT'S BEEN TOO EASY. I'VE BEEN LUCKY.

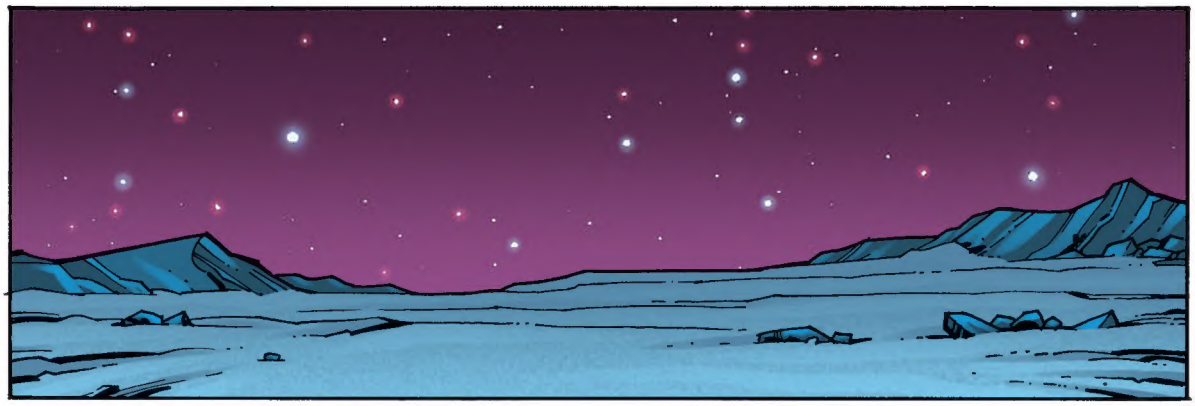

I'VE MANAGED TO KEEP HIM FROM REMEMBERING SO FAR.
BUT EVERY TIME I COME BACK, THE MEMORY DISTORTION GROWS WEAKER.
I CAN'T COUNT ON HIM BEING PERPETUALLY IN THE DARK.

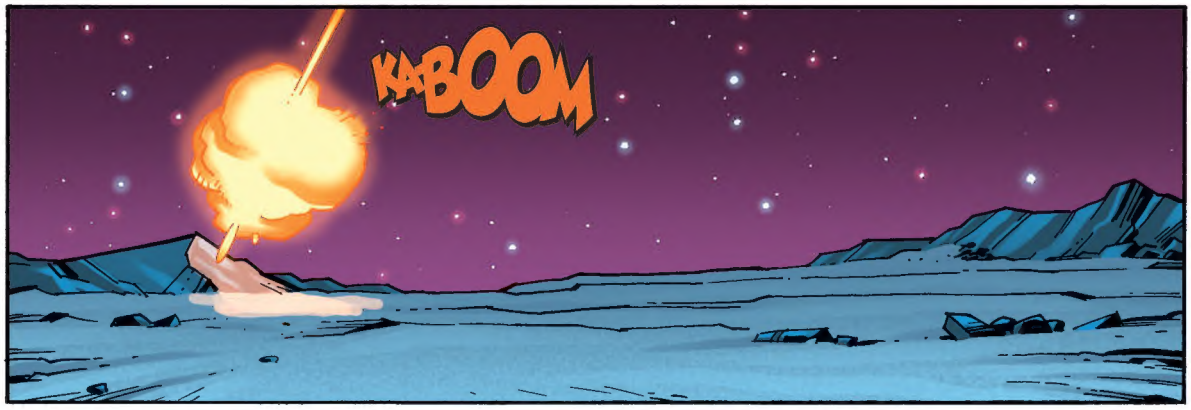

HE DIDN'T GET TO BE 1,200 YEARS OLD BY BEING A FOOL.
CALLOUS, CAPRICIOUS, AND ENTITLED, BUT NOT A FOOL.
SOON ENOUGH, HE'LL KNOW I'M COMING FOR HIM.

VRMMMMMMM
WHEN THE TIME COMES, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BE FASTER.

SHKOW
KABOOM

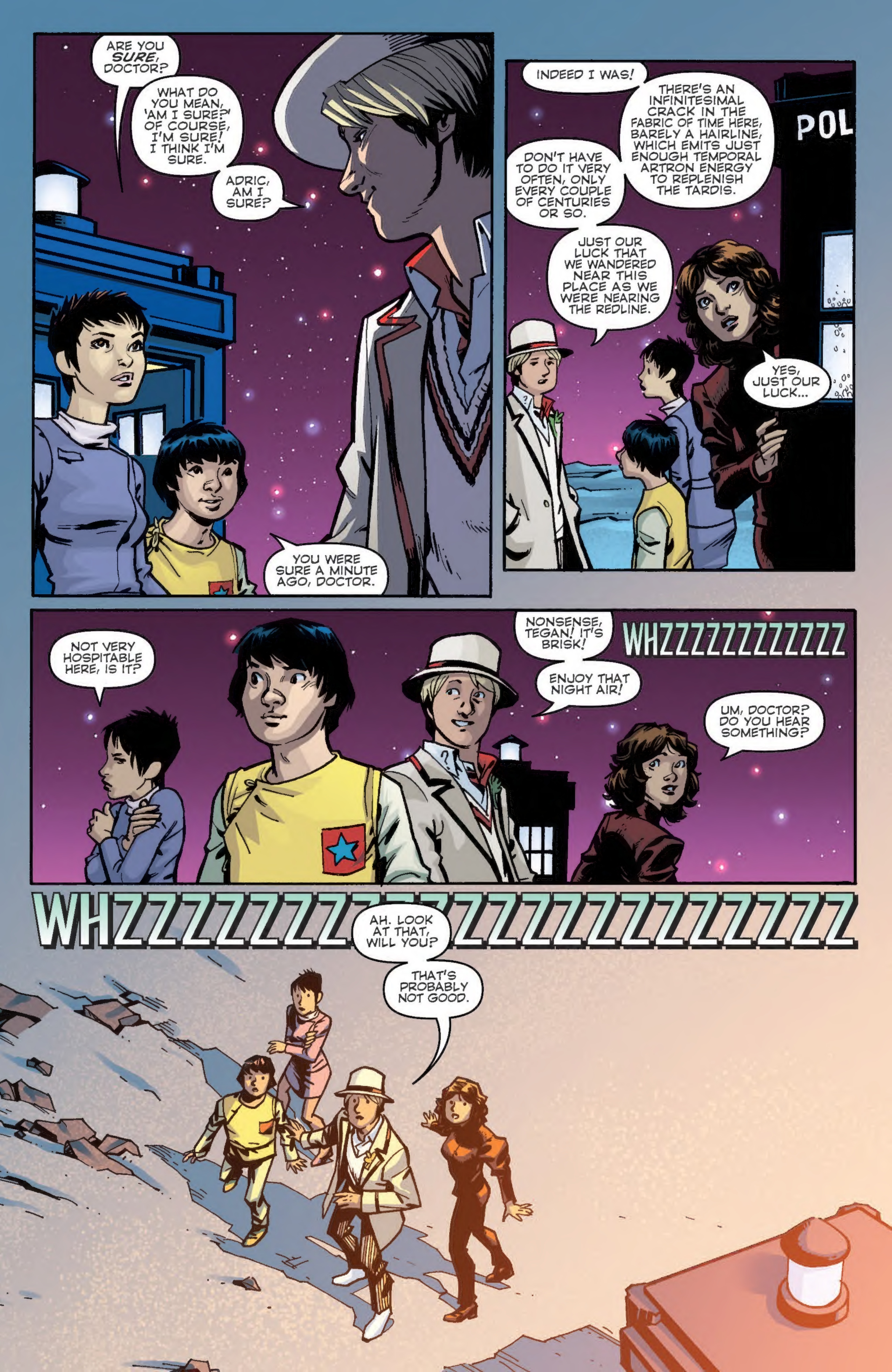

I WON'T KILL YOU, DOCTOR. I'LL NOT GRANT YOU THAT MERCY. BUT IF I HAVE TO CRIPPLE YOU TO ENSURE I GET WHAT I WANT, I WILL.
AND AS YOU'RE ALREADY LEARNING, I ALWAYS GET WHAT I WANT.
ALWAYS.




KA-BOOM

VWORP VWORP VWORP
KA-BLAM

POLICE
YES, THIS SHOULD DO IT.
A COUPLE OF HOURS HERE, AND WE'LL BE RIGHT AS RAIN!


ARE YOU SURE, DOCTOR?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'AM I SURE?' OF COURSE, I'M SURE! I THINK I'M SURE.
ADRIC, AM I SURE?
YOU WERE SURE A MINUTE AGO, DOCTOR.
INDEED I WAS!
THERE'S AN INFINITESIMAL CRACK IN THE FABRIC OF TIME HERE, BARELY A HAIRLINE, WHICH EMITS JUST ENOUGH TEMPORAL ARTRON ENERGY TO REPLENISH THE TARDIS.
DON'T HAVE TO DO IT VERY OFTEN, ONLY EVERY COUPLE OF CENTURIES OR SO.
POL
JUST OUR LUCK THAT WE WANDERED NEAR THIS PLACE AS WE WERE NEARING THE REDLINE.
YES, JUST OUR LUCK...
NOT VERY HOSPITABLE HERE, IS IT?
NONSENSE, TEGAN! IT'S BRISK!
ENJOY THAT NIGHT AIR!
WHZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
UM, DOCTOR? DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
WHZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
AH. LOOK AT THAT, WILL YOU?
THAT'S PROBABLY NOT GOOD.

EVERYBODY MOVE!

KA-WHOOM

WHERE TO?!
THIS WAY!
HURRY!

DOCTOR, WHAT ABOUT THE TARDIS?
IT'LL BE FINE, NYSSA!
THE OLD GIRL HAS HELD UP TO MUCH MORE OF A BATTERING THAN THAT!
WON'T EVEN LEAVE A MARK ON HER!

KRZZZZZZZZZZZL
LOOK, ANOTHER ONE!
HMM. RETURN FIRE, I'D SAY.

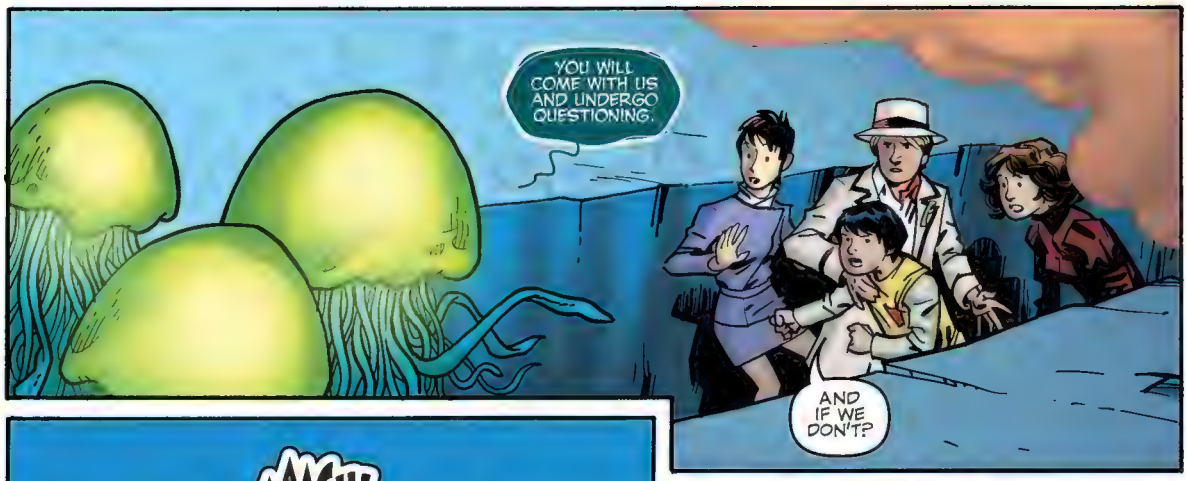
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING.
DOCTOR, LET'S JUST GO!

WE CAN'T LEAVE NOW. THE TARDIS IS ENGAGED IN ITS RECHARGE MODE. ONCE WE'VE STARTED THE PROCESS, WE'VE GOT TO SEE IT THROUGH.
NO, WE'RE HERE FOR THE DURATION, AT LEAST A FEW HOURS.
THEN CAN'T WE GO BACK IN THE TARDIS, WHERE IT'S SAFE?

I SHOULD THINK ANY PLACE IS SAFER THAN RIGHT HERE AT THE MOMENT.
BESIDES, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!
ANOTHER ONE!

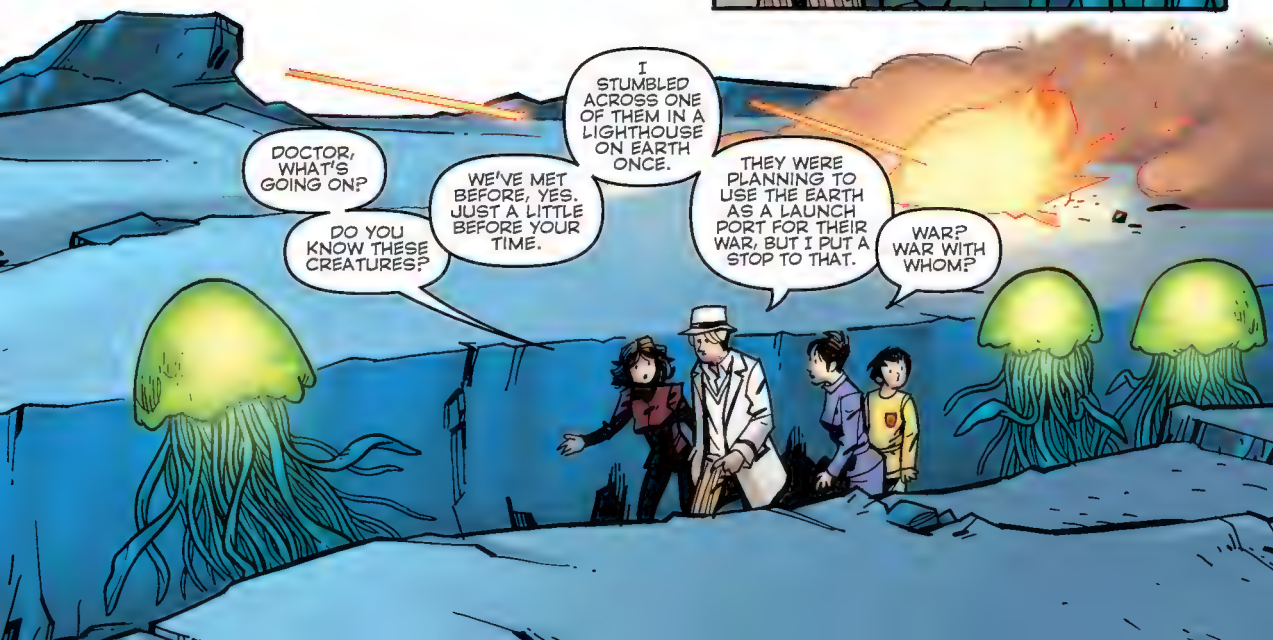
THIS WAY! I THINK I SEE SOME COVER AHEAD!

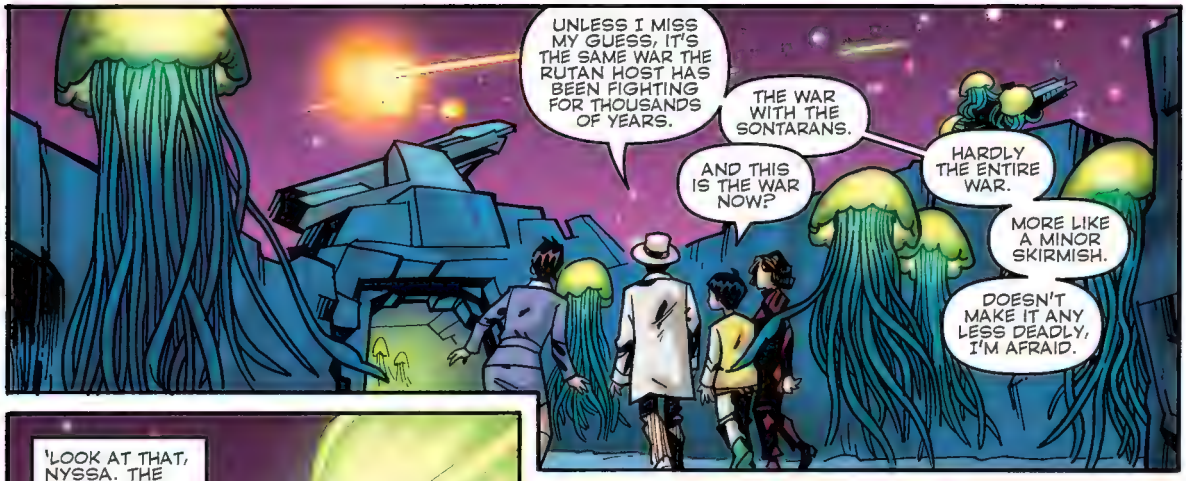
KA-BOOM
UNGH!
AACK!
EVERYONE ALL RIGHT?
GOOD THING I SPOTTED THIS TRENCH, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
...DOCTOR?
DOCTOR?
YES... YOUR FORM HAS CHANGED... BUT WE RECOGNISE YOUR BIOLOGICAL SIGNATURE. YOU ARE THE DOCTOR.
WE REMEMBER YOU. YOU WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN OUR DEFEAT ON EARTH.
YOU WILL EXPLAIN YOUR PRESENCE HERE.

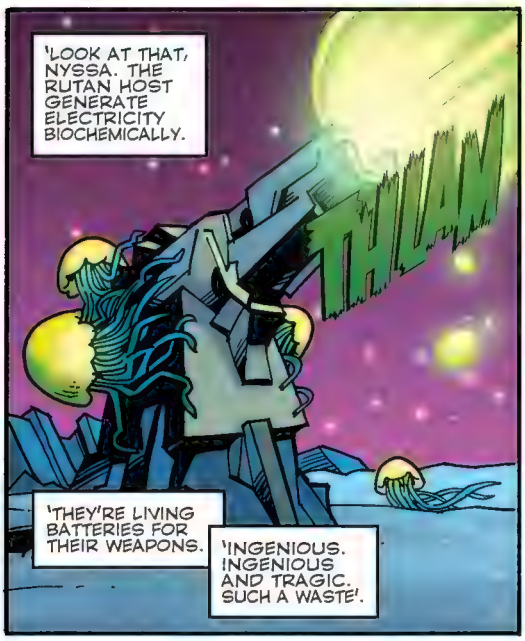

YOU WILL COME WITH US AND UNDERGO QUESTIONING.
AND IF WE DON'T?

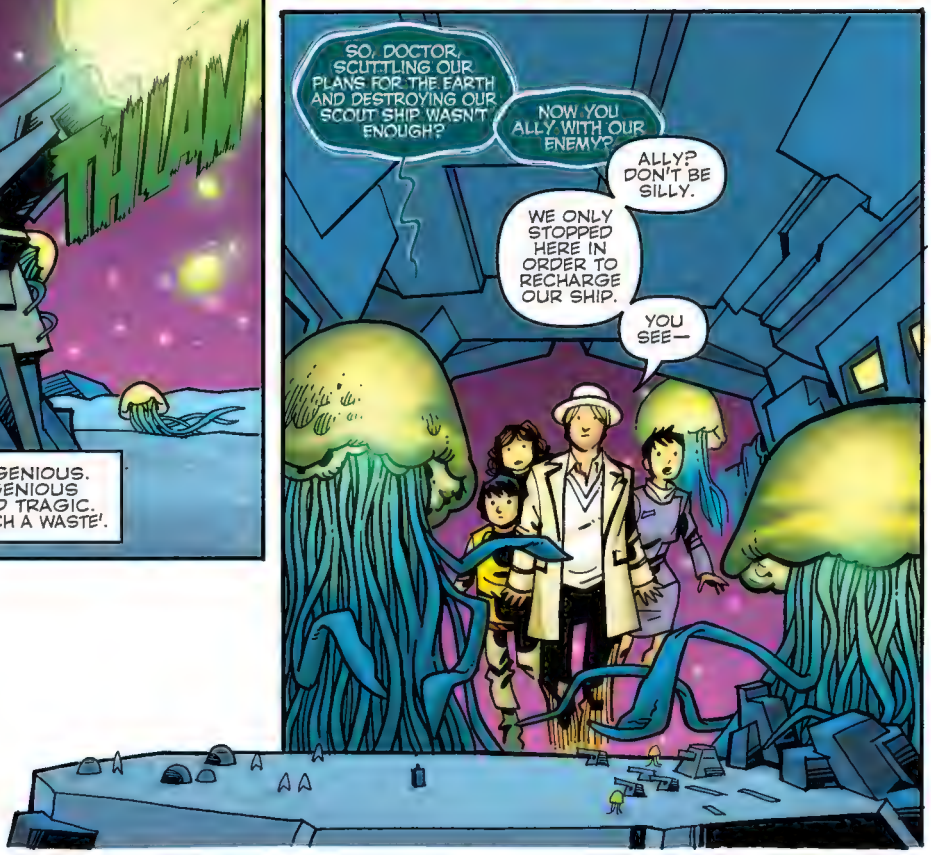
AAAGH!
NO!

COME NOW, THERE'S NO NEED FOR ALL THAT.
THERE MUST BE A SAFER PLACE WE CAN TALK.
YES... YOU WILL FOLLOW, AND ATTEMPT NO FLIGHT.
WE WILL NOT WARN YOU AGAIN.


DOCTOR, WHAT'S GOING ON?
DO YOU KNOW THESE CREATURES?
WE'VE MET BEFORE, YES. JUST A LITTLE BEFORE YOUR TIME.
I STUMBLED ACROSS ONE OF THEM IN A LIGHTHOUSE ON EARTH ONCE.
THEY WERE PLANNING TO USE THE EARTH AS A LAUNCH PORT FOR THEIR WAR, BUT I PUT A STOP TO THAT.
WAR? WAR WITH WHOM?


UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, IT'S THE SAME WAR THE RUTAN HOST HAS BEEN FIGHTING FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.
THE WAR WITH THE SONTARANS.
AND THIS IS THE WAR NOW?
HARDLY THE ENTIRE WAR.
MORE LIKE A MINOR SKIRMISH.
DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY LESS DEADLY, I'M AFRAID.


'LOOK AT THAT, NYSSA. THE RUTAN HOST GENERATE ELECTRICITY BIOCHEMICALLY.
THUM
'THEY'RE LIVING BATTERIES FOR THEIR WEAPONS.
'INGENIOUS. INGENIOUS AND TRAGIC. SUCH A WASTE'.

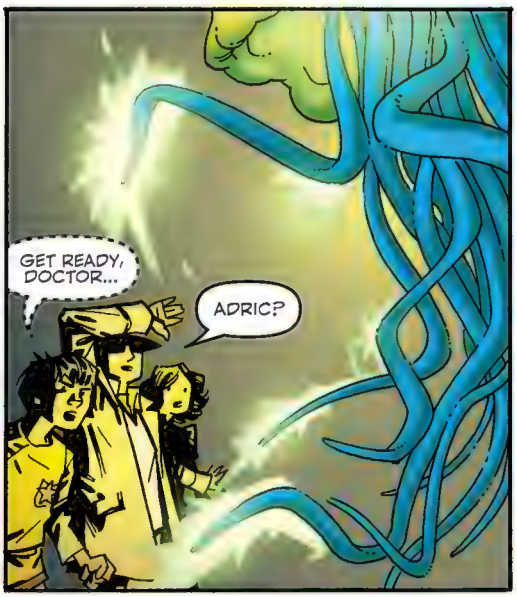

SO, DOCTOR, SCUTTLING OUR PLANS FOR THE EARTH AND DESTROYING OUR SCOUT SHIP WASN'T ENOUGH?
NOW YOU ALLY WITH OUR ENEMY?
ALLY? DON'T BE SILLY.
WE ONLY STOPPED HERE IN ORDER TO RECHARGE OUR SHIP.
YOU SEE—

YOU LIE!

DOCTOR!

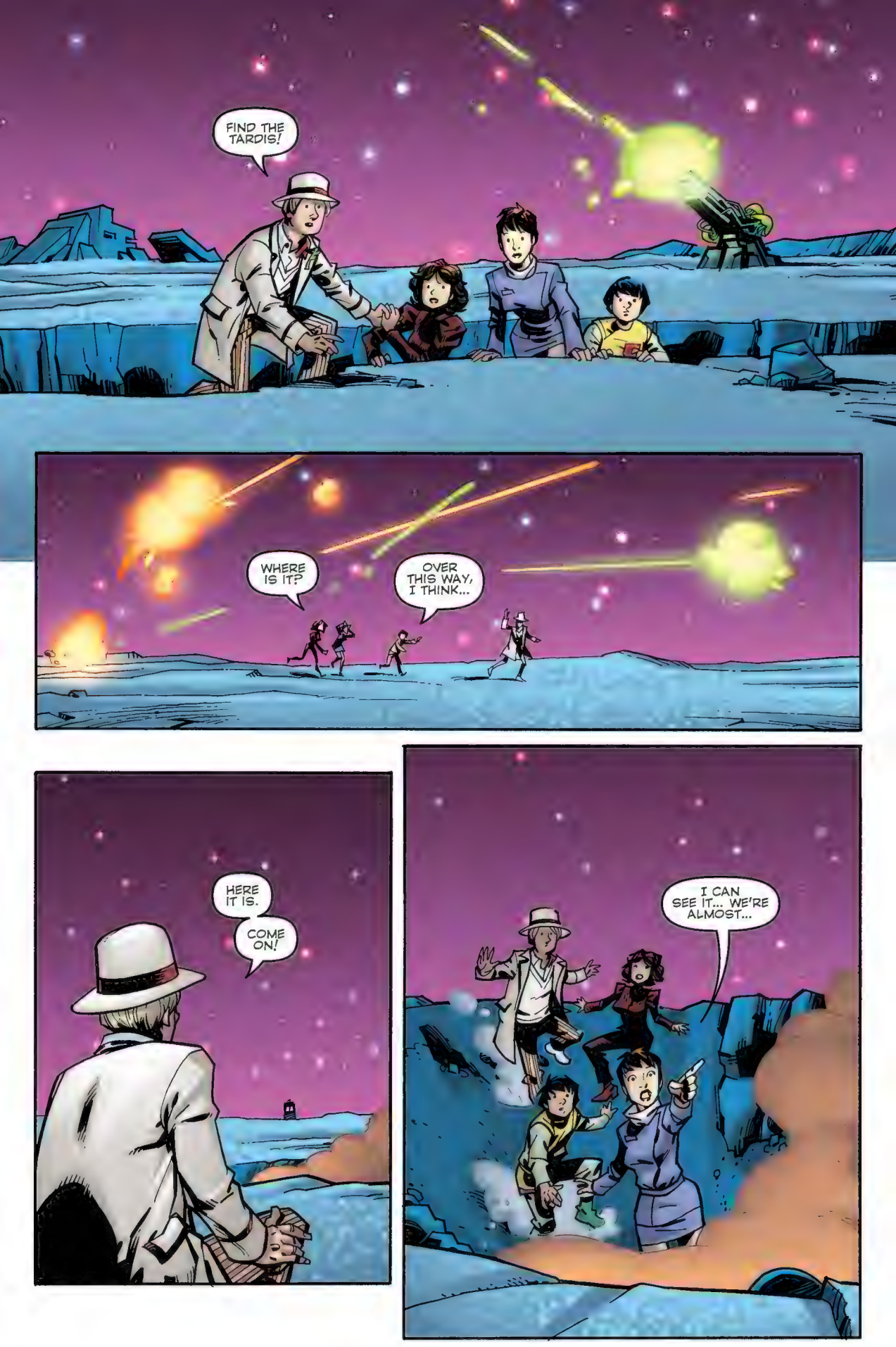
THIS IS UNACCEPTABLE! I WILL NOT PUT UP WITH—
WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU BEFORE.
TERMINATE THEM ALL

WHAT?
NO!

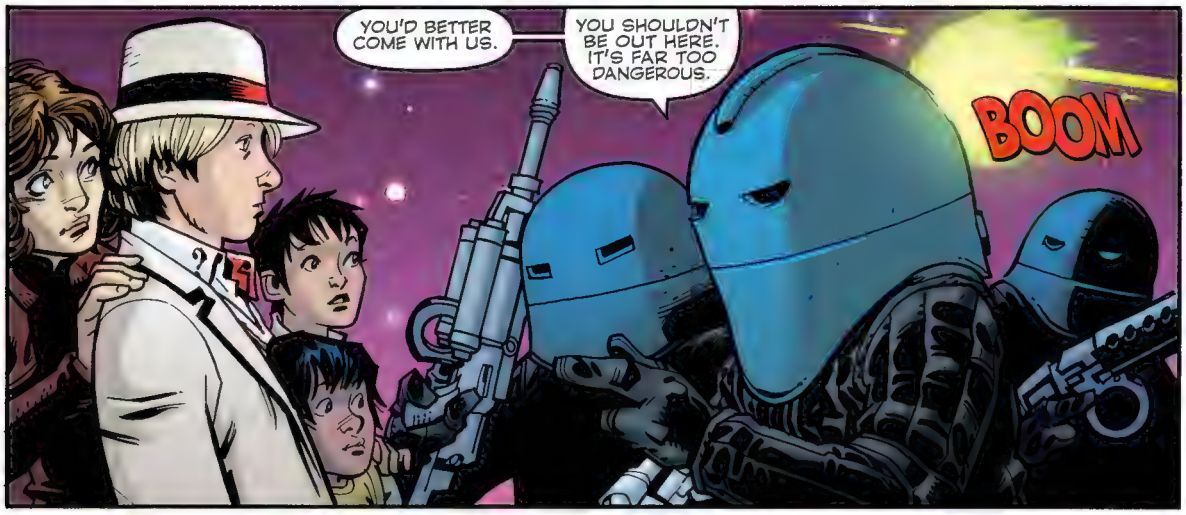

GET READY, DOCTOR...
ADRIC?

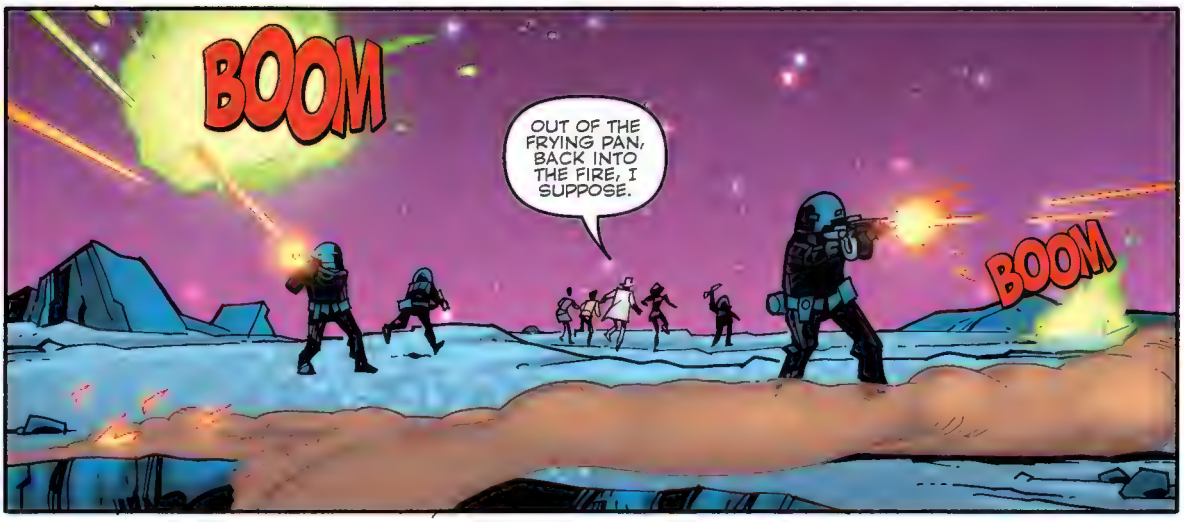
BZZZRT
YAA!
A!!!EEE!

RUN FOR IT!


FIND THE TARDIS!
WHERE IS IT?
OVER THIS WAY, I THINK...
HERE IT IS.
COME ON!
I CAN SEE IT... WE'RE ALMOST...

...THERE?

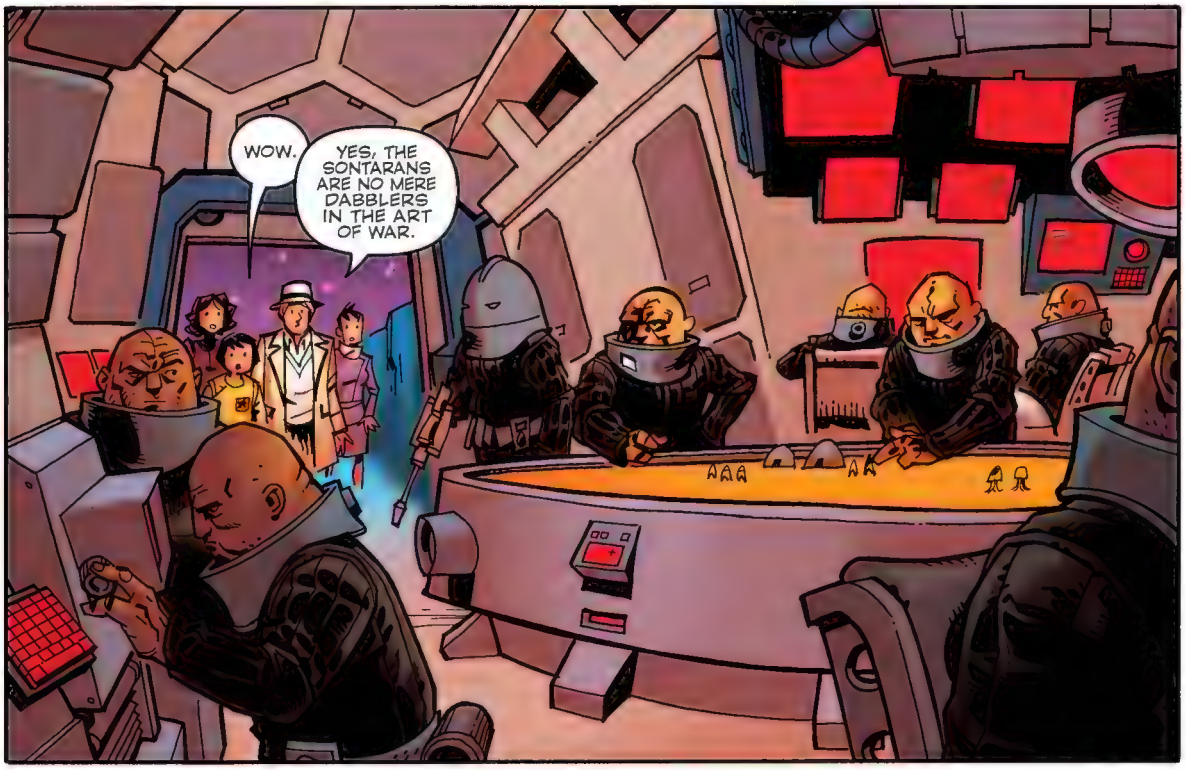

YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US.
YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT HERE. IT'S FAR TOO DANGEROUS.
BOOM


BOOM
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN, BACK INTO THE FIRE, I SUPPOSE.
BOOM

DOCTOR, ARE WE LIKELY TO RECEIVE THE SAME SORT OF RECEPTION HERE?

OF COURSE NOT! I'VE HAD BETTER RELATIONS WITH THE SONTARANS IN THE PAST.
EXCEPT FOR THAT TIME I CAUGHT THEM KIDNAPPING SCIENTISTS FROM EARTH.
AND I'M TOLD I FOILED THEIR INVASION OF GALLIFREY ONCE, BUT I'M A LITTLE HAZY ON THAT ONE...

THE COMMANDER WILL SEE YOU NOW.


WOW.
YES, THE SONTARANS ARE NO MERE DABBLERS IN THE ART OF WAR.

GREETINGS!
I AM COMMANDER STROCK.

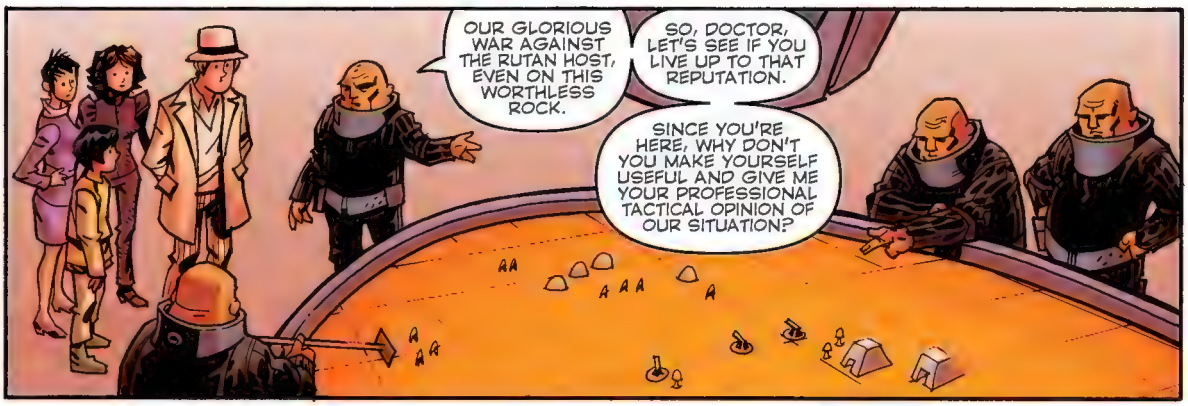
AS YOU CAN SEE, YOUR PRESENCE HERE HAS CERTAINLY AGGRAVATED THE RUTAN HOST.
WE'RE TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THAT, SIR.

SO WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M THE DOCTOR.
COMMANDER STROCK, YOU HAVE MY SINCERE APOLOGIES IF WE HAVE MADE THINGS IN ANY WAY MORE DIFFICULT FOR YOU.
WE LANDED HERE FOR SOME MAINTENANCE TO MY SHIP, AND HAD NO INTENTION OF GETTING IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS... WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY?

THE DOCTOR? YES, I'VE HEARD OF YOU.
WELL, IT SEEMS THAT YOU'RE HARDLY THE THREAT THAT YOUR REPUTATION WOULD SUGGEST.
ESPECIALLY WITH SOLDIERS LIKE THESE—LITTLE MORE THAN CHILDREN!

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT US AT ALL. I'M JUST TAKING MY... STUDENTS HERE FOR A LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CRUISE.
WE CERTAINLY DIDN'T MEAN TO INTRUDE ON YOUR—


OUR GLORIOUS WAR AGAINST THE RUTAN HOST, EVEN ON THIS WORTHLESS ROCK.
SO, DOCTOR, LET'S SEE IF YOU LIVE UP TO THAT REPUTATION.
SINCE YOU'RE HERE, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND GIVE ME YOUR PROFESSIONAL TACTICAL OPINION OF OUR SITUATION?

AHEM!
WELL, I CAN CERTAINLY TAKE A LOOK IF YOU'D LIKE.

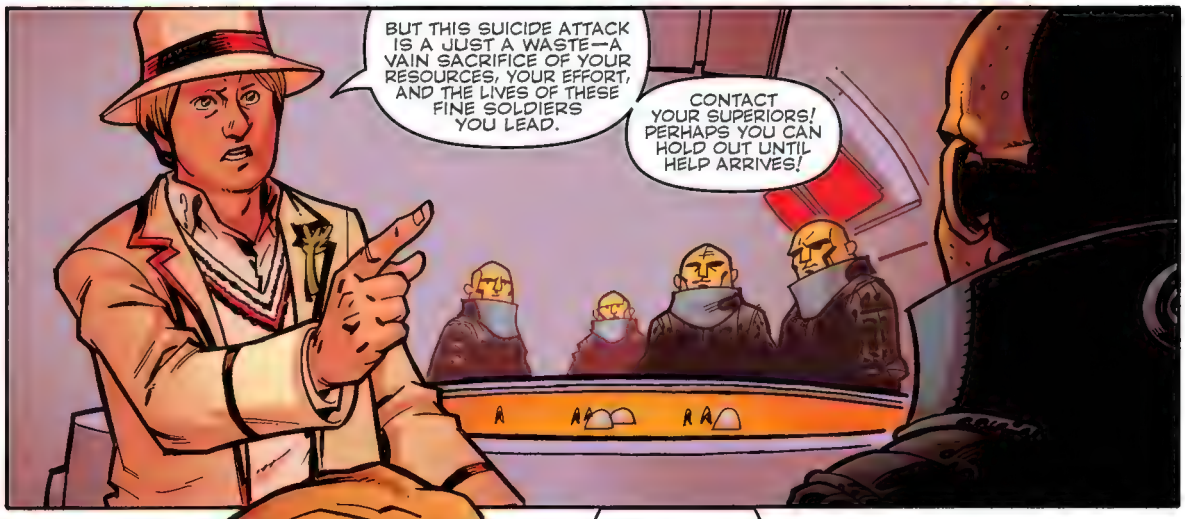
WITH THESE MOVEMENTS IN THE NORTH... AND TAKING INTO ACCOUNT THE RELATIVE STRENGTH OF THOSE RUTAN BATTALIONS...
OH, I SEE.
THIS IS UNEXPECTED.

YOUR DEFENSIVE SITUATION IS PRECARIOUS, AT BEST.
AND YOUR NEW ORDERS ARE TO MAKE A FRONTAL ASSAULT AGAINST THE RUTAN HOST FRONT LINES.
YOUR ENTIRE SQUADRON IS DOOMED.

BWAH-HAH-HAH!
DOCTOR, YOU LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION AS THE MAN WHO DEFEATED US AT GALLIFREY!
YOUR EYE FOR MILITARY STRATEGY AND ABILITY TO SIZE UP A SITUATION IS EVERYTHING I HAVE HEARD.
STROCK, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
SURELY THERE MUST BE AN ALTERNATIVE.
WHY, WE'RE GOING TO CHARGE INTO BATTLE, OF COURSE.
AND WE'LL GIVE THOSE RUTAN ONE DIFFICULT TIME, REGARDLESS OF OUR SITUATION.
WE WILL ALL DIE IN BATTLE, AS SONTARANS.
WHAAAT?
YOU CAN'T!
THAT'S SUICIDE!
SURELY THERE IS A BETTER SOLUTION!
SOME FALLBACK PLAN WE HAVEN'T SEEN YET.
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO CREATE SOME LEVERAGE, PERHAPS FORCE SOME SORT OF TEMPORARY NEGOTIATIONS FOR A CEASE-FIRE...

DOCTOR, I HAVE BEEN OVER THIS MANY TIMES.
WE ARE VASTLY OUTNUMBERED, AND OUR SUPPLIES ARE DWINDLING.
OUR FATE IS SET.

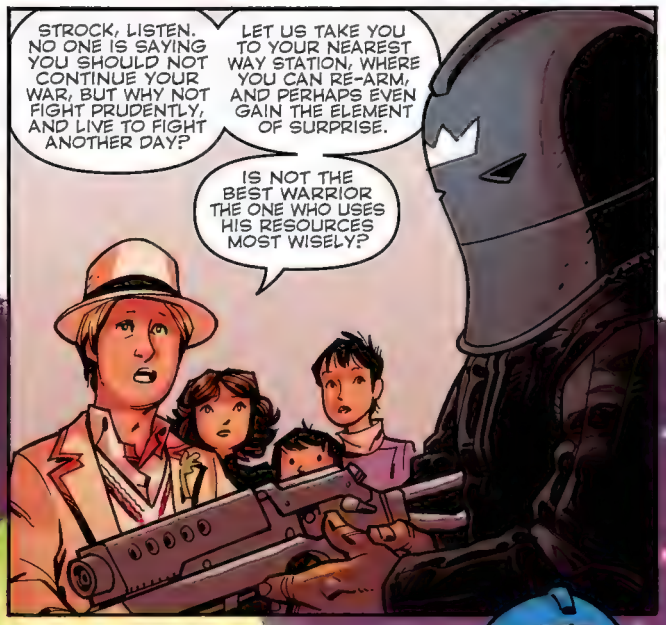
WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING THE RUTAN HOST FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.
DO YOU EXPECT US TO TURN AWAY NOW?


BUT THIS SUICIDE ATTACK IS A JUST A WASTE—A VAIN SACRIFICE OF YOUR RESOURCES, YOUR EFFORT, AND THE LIVES OF THESE FINE SOLDIERS YOU LEAD.
CONTACT YOUR SUPERIORS! PERHAPS YOU CAN HOLD OUT UNTIL HELP ARRIVES!

QUESTIONING MY ORDERS IN SUCH A WAY WOULD BRING GREAT SHAME UPON ME AND MY TROOPS, DOCTOR.
YOU KNOW THIS.
YOU KNOW OUR WAYS.

IT IS IN MY NATURE TO TRY TO FIND SOLUTIONS— THE NEEDLESS LOSS OF LIFE... IT TORTURES ME.

AND IT IS IN OUR NATURE TO DIE IN BATTLE, TO DESIRE A WARRIOR'S DEATH.
YOU SHOULD RESPECT THAT, DOCTOR.
I KNOW OF YOUR TENDENCIES, BUT YOU MUST NOT INTERFERE.


STROCK, LISTEN. NO ONE IS SAYING YOU SHOULD NOT CONTINUE YOUR WAR, BUT WHY NOT FIGHT PRUDENTLY, AND LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY?
LET US TAKE YOU TO YOUR NEAREST WAY STATION, WHERE YOU CAN RE-ARM, AND PERHAPS EVEN GAIN THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.
IS NOT THE BEST WARRIOR THE ONE WHO USES HIS RESOURCES MOST WISELY?

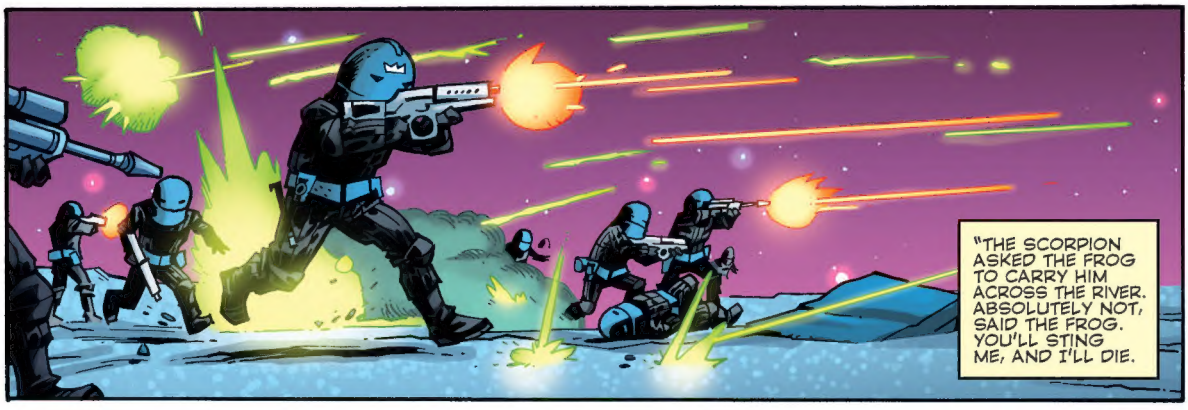
...YOU MAY HAVE A POINT. VICTORY IS THE IMPERATIVE.
VERY WELL, DOCTOR.
I WILL CONSIDER THIS NOT A RETREAT, BUT A FEINT TO GAIN ADVANTAGE.
LET US MAKE OUR WAY TO YOUR SHIP.

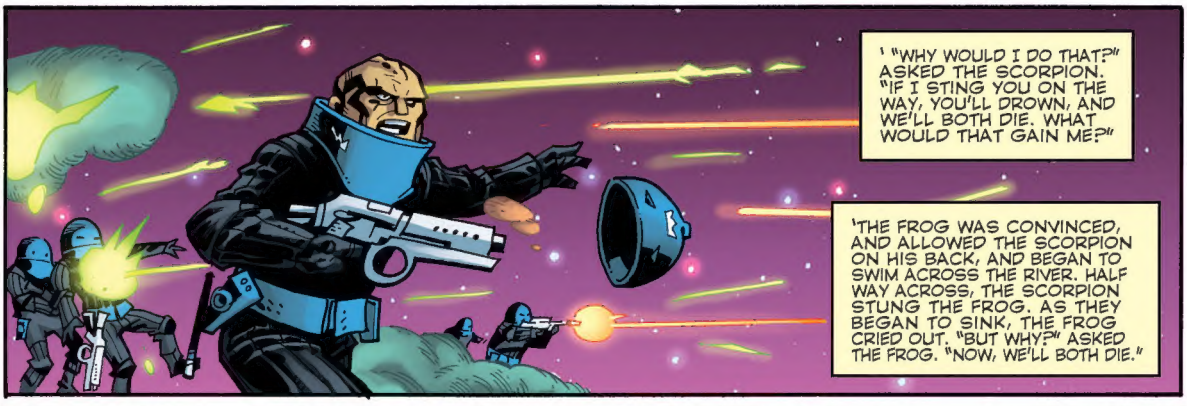
STAY LOW, AND TRY TO KEEP UP!
YOU HEARD THE COMMANDER!

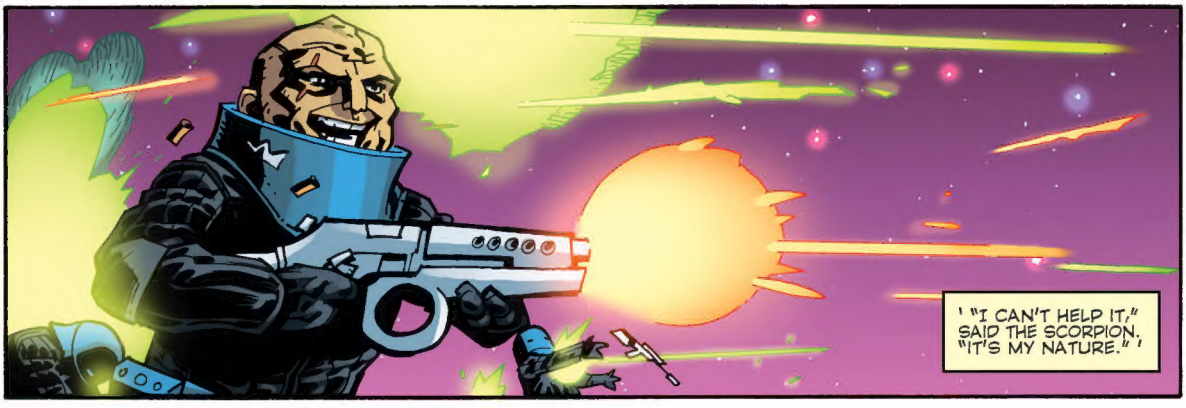
BLAM
BLAM
HERE THEY COME!
WE WILL ELIMINATE EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!
WE CANNOT RESIST THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE! WE MUST ADVANCE!
YOU AND YOUR PUPS RUN TO YOUR SHIP, AND WE WILL COVER YOU, SO LONG AS YOU DO NOT INTERFERE WITH OUR GLORIOUS END.
YOUR WORD, DOCTOR?
...STUBBORN, STUBBORN SONTARANS.
YOU HAVE MY WORD, STROCK.
KABOOM
THAT WAS CLOSE!
SONTAR-HA!
SONTAR-HA!
BRNRRT BRNRRT

VICTORY!

HOW CAN HE YELL 'VICTORY' LIKE THAT?
HE KNOWS THEY'RE DOOMED. THEY ALL DO. WHAT A WASTE.
ADRIC, DO YOU KNOW THE FABLE OF THE FROG AND THE SCORPION?
POLICE

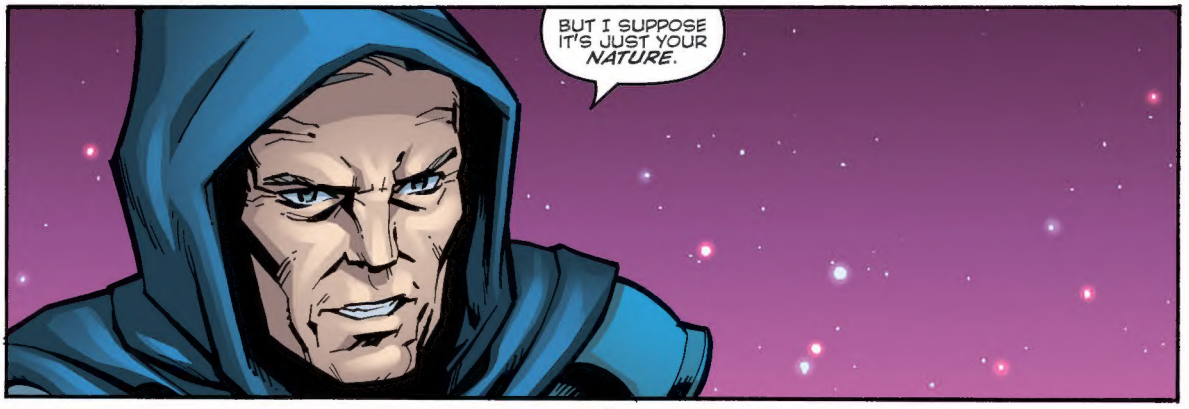

"THE SCORPION ASKED THE FROG TO CARRY HIM ACROSS THE RIVER. ABSOLUTELY NOT, SAID THE FROG. YOU'LL STING ME, AND I'LL DIE.


' "WHY WOULD I DO THAT?" ASKED THE SCORPION. "IF I STING YOU ON THE WAY, YOU'LL DROWN, AND WE'LL BOTH DIE. WHAT WOULD THAT GAIN ME?"
'THE FROG WAS CONVINCED, AND ALLOWED THE SCORPION ON HIS BACK, AND BEGAN TO SWIM ACROSS THE RIVER. HALF WAY ACROSS, THE SCORPION STUNG THE FROG. AS THEY BEGAN TO SINK, THE FROG CRIED OUT. "BUT WHY?" ASKED THE FROG. "NOW, WE'LL BOTH DIE."


' "I CAN'T HELP IT," SAID THE SCORPION. "IT'S MY NATURE." '

AND STILL, HERE YOU ARE, PUTTING INNOCENTS IN HARM'S WAY, YET AGAIN.

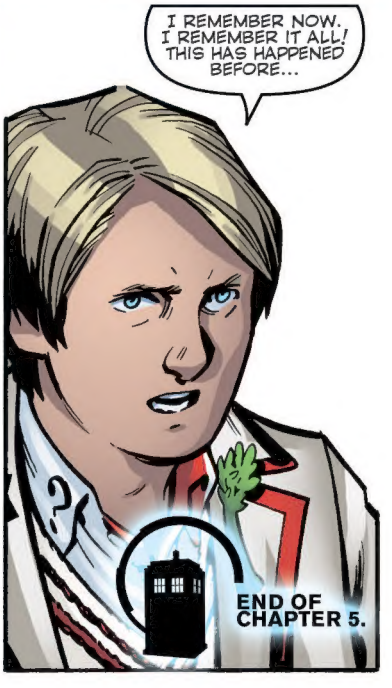
TIME AFTER TIME.


BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S JUST YOUR *NATURE*.

POLICE BOX
FWASH

NO!

WAIT A MOMENT—


I REMEMBER NOW. I REMEMBER IT ALL! THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE...
END OF CHAPTER 5.

# REFLECTIONS OF TIME

Wherein prominent Whovians past and present muse upon the Doctor's history in comic form.

While I had enjoyed the *Doctor Who* TV show as a child—I still remember the terror the Daleks instilled in me at the age of 9—I hadn't followed the show after the Second Doctor left. Then, many years later, I had been hired as the editor on Marvel UK's line of monthly magazines. At the time, the company was publishing *Doctor Who Weekly,* a comic very much aimed at the traditional UK comics audience, boys aged 8-12.

By 1981, the magazine was floundering to retain its audience, and the comic switched to a monthly schedule with beefed-up text content. The incumbent editor, Paul Neary, was struggling with the feature articles, which were taking up 75 percent of the magazine, and suggested that I trade him my *Marvel Super-Heroes, Rampage,* and *Savage Sword of Conan* monthly reprint magazines for *Doctor Who Monthly.* I had no real ambitions to edit a comic strip, as I was much more interested in being a magazine editor at the time, but I figured if I was going to do it, I was going to do it right.

Looking at the comic strip during that period, I figured it was still being aimed at that same traditional UK comic strip market. But the audience for the magazine was, in my opinion, older—specifically fans of the TV show. And I thought the strip (small in page count, but still the most expensive feature in the mag) should reflect that.

A well-respected British scripter, Steve Moore, was writing the main Doctor Who stories at that time, but I felt his take on The Doctor didn't really have much in common with TV's character. So I spent a lot of time with the writer, trying to help him re-align the feeling of the comic-strip stories to something that resembled the peculiar magic of the show. After a couple of re-writes of the "Spider-God" script, Steve lost patience with my meddling and decided he didn't want to do that any more. Looking back, I was pretty unfair to Steve, as he did struggle bravely to capture the mood I was after, but he'd had enough and I couldn't blame him.

So I turned to another writer I'd worked successfully with in the past, Steve Parkhouse, and asked him if he'd be interested in having a try at writing Doctor Who. He wasn't. Emphatically no. But we were kicking it back and forth a while when I hit on what the missing ingredient was. I told Steve Parkhouse that he should think of Doctor Who as having the same British eccentricity as the famous UK daily newspaper strip *Rupert the Bear.* That seemed to strike a chord with Steve, and he set to work and produced a magnificent run of stories—a sort of wide-screen epic version of The Doctor that dwarfed anything being done by the TV show at the time.

When I quit the Marvel UK staff in 1985, Steve Parkhouse felt he didn't want to write the strip for another editor. But with his encouragement, I stepped in and wrote the strip myself for almost a year, finding my feet as a writer in a very public way, even though I knew going in that I couldn't hope to replicate the glory years of Parkhouse. Brave or stupid... you decide.

It wouldn't be the last time we worked together, but it was one of my more successful collaborations with the brilliant Mr. Parkhouse.

—Alan McKenzie,
former *Doctor Who Magazine* editor and writer